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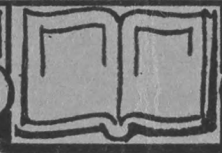
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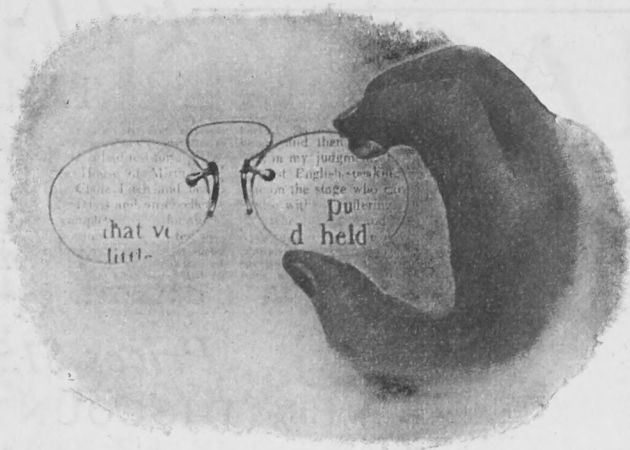
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THE MANITOBAN

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Vol. I.

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No. 10

THE TRANSGRESSORS

By J. B. ANDREWS, B.A., '14

CHAPTER III.

During the next two years I worked the cattle trade from Montana to the Rio Grande. Then a change came over the range country. Up till that time horses had been a drug on the market. Rated according to selling price, horse-flesh was hardly worth stealing. But the Boer war made a stir in the stock business. British agents were buying at every market in the West.

I was working in Idaho with little Herb. Munro, as fine a fellow as ever threw leather over a mustang, when Herb. gets a letter from his old partner, Frosty Miller. It read like the prospectus of a mining company, and wound up with an invitation to journey thither and he would do us good.

Frosty Miller lived in southwestern Oregon. He was a heavily built old patriarch, well over fifty. Beginning his career as an Indian fighter, he blossomed into a desperado, and now in the serene twilight of his life he had retired into the comparative quietude of rustling.

We had a regular family reunion, fatted calf thrown in, on the day Herb. and I reached his camp. Old Frosty and I had met before. At one time I extracted a bullet from his person, by the painless method of getting him drunk first. Since this was one of his favorite conditions, he was grateful on a double score.

It was a horse country. Frosty and his *protege*, a handsome young Mexican, had waited until the spring rodeo had passed, and then gathered a small trainload of the finest saddle stock I ever clapped eyes on, and ran them back into the canyons. When we looked them over I saw some of the best known brands in the country. Frosty was for handling the whole bunch at one time, making a long drive across country to an obscure shipping port, and shipping east over the S.P. I didn't approve of the play. My system was to handle small bands at a time, and get them on the rails as soon as possible. We had the whole summer to do it in; besides, I had a little Mestizo waiting for me down in Oklahoma, and didn't feel like taking too long a chance.

"There ain't been much rustling around here," said Frosty, "and the very size of the bunch will keep off suspicion."

I was on the point of passing the bet, when I heard him ask, "Slippery ain't getting cold feet, is he?"

"Not much," said Herb.; "Slippery ain't the

cold feet kind." Anyhow, I decided to play my hand.

The scheme was this: We would fake the brands and drive to a distant shipping port which was out of the range country; the people, being small farmers, weren't likely to get curious. Frosty knew the country and it didn't know much about him, so it looked feasible. I was the British agent picking up mounts for the army. To look the part, I wore riding breeches and leggings, and jolted along in a hunting saddle. The others were my men.

We made two night runs, and settled down to easy stages. Frosty brought up the rear with a light wagon. We kept our guns out of sight, and on the whole the outfit looked peaceable. Now and again we would drop into a town as we passed and buy a horse to make our bluff look natural.

On one of these occasions I saw a little poker-faced fellow sizing me up, out of the corner of his eye, in a way I didn't like. A U. S. marshal once sent a bullet into my thigh. I usually travel on horseback, so it didn't bother me; but when I saw that little chap start, I wondered if there was a Pinkerton in the West who didn't know that Slippery Hicks walked with a slight limp.

The next night saw us pretty well out of the range country. We camped in front of a chain of foothills. All afternoon I had a kind of feeling that there was something more than a road behind us. So it didn't surprise me when, on looking back after supper, I saw a cloud of volcanic dust moving in our direction and against the breeze. We had a habit of catching up the four best mounts in the bunch every night, and feeding grain, so I kept mum; but on the strength of the premonition I pulled my shaps over the English togs. By the time I had kicked the hunting saddle out of the way and put my own where it ought to be, Herb. was rubbering through the glasses.

"I expect they're looking for somebody," he said, handing them over to me.

"Don't get anxious, you fellows," chimed in old Frosty; "that's a bunch of nesters. They've been down on the sheep ranches for the spring shearin'."

"Mebbe they've been down to a Sunday picnic, and tooted their guns along for the kids to play with," said Herb., digging his rifle out of the wagon.

By this time the Mexican, who had been night-herding, came riding in. They were within half a

mile before Frosty decided it was time to jog along. He sure hated to give up the stock.

A bullet whizzed over our heads as we swung into the saddle. Pretty soon they hummed like telegraph wires in a wind storm. Zerr-zing-zip! They had certainly cleared for action.

It was a big posse, 15 or 20 of them, mostly cowpunchers. They didn't stop to pick up fresh horses from our bunch, so it looked as if they had changed awhile back.

"They ain't acting very durned friendly," said Frosty, loosing his carbine. The rest of us followed suit, and soon showed them that we could do something else besides run. The Mexican was a wonder with the rifle. When he skinned his teeth by way of a smile, it meant they were a man short at the other end. The others were content with sniping their mounts. Personally, I would rather see a dead horse than an empty saddle any day.

Ahead lay the hills covered with bush, so we weren't worrying much. The trail led through a gap, with a river on one side and a cliff on the other. According to Frosty, a bridge crossed the river a short distance inside the gap. It was spring, and the water was high. The only other crossing place was a ford a mile down stream.

"I know the country inside like a book," he called back. "I'll lead you to a hide the whole U. S. army can't find."

The posse had dropped back, and was taking it pretty easy for a man-hunt. I couldn't make out why they were holding down their stock. Herb. didn't seem satisfied either. If they were onto their job they would close and settle it before we hit the timber.

"I don't like the looks," Herb. yelled across to me, as we approached the gap. "The way those fellows are holding back don't look natural. Is there a telephone line running across country?" he sang out to Frosty.

The old man's face turned as white as his hair. Swinging off from the trail, we raced down stream to the ford. A chorus of yells came from the rear. In a moment the gap swarmed with men, cowpunchers, leaping for their saddles. A string of horses shot out like a rocket. They were cutting us off from the ford. If they did, it meant cheap funerals for somebody.

They were nearly abreast of us now, and beating us out. Frosty shook his head, meaning we couldn't make it. "The bridge," he shouted; "it's our only chance."

In a second we wheeled and headed straight for the gap. The new-comers saw the move and closed in. We had no lead to waste on horses now. Four of their saddles were empty before they opened fire. A fifth man went down with his horse on top of him; the others, all young fellows, took to the brush and peppered us from cover. We were within a dozen yards of the gap when Herb's horse keeled over with a groan. Almost at the same instant Frosty threw up his hands and pitched backwards.

Herb. caught the horses, while I dragged him into the brush. Good old fellow, he pulled at my shaps and tried to point. He wanted us to leave him. I ripped open his shirt to see how badly he was hit. A red stream bubbled from his chest. His limbs were stiffening out, and blood oozed between his clenched teeth. There wasn't enough

left to fight over. Herb. was blazing away. I yelled at him to "come on."

As we plunged through the brush into the gap, I saw the "Mex." galloping westward. His yellow streak had come to the surface. The posse had spread out like a fan, and was bearing down on him from the flank. "Let him go," said Herb.; "he's splitting the pack."

The bridge lay around a bend. Two kids, on their first hunt, stood guard. We were onto them before they knew it, and covered them while they threw their guns into the river.

Herb. waved them a contemptuous farewell as we rode off on their horses, stampeding our own ahead of us.

Darkness was falling, but we hadn't gone far before the thundering of hoofs sounded on the bridge behind. Like the poor, they were staying with us. We were crossing an open spot when a dozen riders broke from the woods behind us. At the same time I looked to see if my left arm hadn't been torn off at the shoulder. It was still there, but I was getting mine. I had no more than reached for my six-shooter than a bullet ripped through my right wrist. The splintered bone stuck out from the flesh.

"Nothing doing," said Herb. when I begged him to make his getaway. "Swing back towards the ford when we strike the timber. I'll draw off the dogs and double back that way when I shake them."

My horse was too blown to nicker as our pursuers galloped past. It was a cow pony, and answered to knee and spur. The hoof-beats, mingled with the barking of six-shooters, sounded fainter as Herb. drew them off.

From a point beyond the river came the whip-like cracks of repeating rifles—the Mexican was making his last stand.

I could feel myself growing weak; of a sudden the trees began to whirl around in circles; I could feel the horse slipping from under me, and the buzzing in my ears changed to a roar as I struck the ground.

Conclusion

I was lying under a tree when I came to. Four men stood around a small fire. Something swung snake-like from a limb above me—it was a lariat. I had a vague feeling that the western branch of the Hicks family was about to terminate.

"I know, Hank," said a gruff voice, "but we might just as well put this fellow up before the sheriff gets here; nothing like a necktie party now and again to discourage rustling."

"That's what I say," said another.

"This rope business is out of date," spoke up the man called Hank, a burly old fellow with hair as white as snow. I figured out that he had been in the game himself, and hated to see a rustler go high. "What's the law for?" he went on. "We can't enforce it by breaking it. Besides, this sheriff won't stand anyone interfering with his office—this is him now."

A long halloo rang through the woods. Hank answered it, and another man jerked the rope down. A few minutes later a horse panted up, and a slender, trim-built young man dropped out of the saddle. I felt a new faintness come over me as he walked to the fire. It was Kewah.

"They put up a stiff fight, Sheriff," said Hank.

"You're right, they did," he replied. "Two of my deputies are out for keeps, and a wagonload of men ready for the doctor. We got two of theirs down by the river—this makes the third. The other fellow gave the boys the slip. I thought it was the Roe gang from the Horn country, but they're all strangers. What like is this fellow?"

I heard his spurs jingle as he moved towards me. He straightened up like a flash as the fire-light played on my face. Then a low moan broke from his lips and he tottered like a wounded man. In a second he was on his knees beside me, his young arms about my neck, his face close to mine.

"He's warm!" he gasped; "he isn't dead!"

"Sure he ain't," said one of the men; "pretty badly pinned, though."

They stepped back as he bounded to his feet. "Men," he said tersely, "the unwritten law says that a man must protect his friends under all circumstances. This man is a friend of mine, and he doesn't go before a jury."

No one answered. "Mr. McBain," he said, facing a large, black-bearded man, "I can fix the boys all right. You're a comparative stranger to me, but you're a western man. I'm asking a favor from you; I expect to pay for it. I'm running for re-election next month. You're in the field against me. I can get ten votes to your one. Now, I'll drop out of the contest, leaving you to be elected by acclamation."

"I'm damned if you do!" interrupted the big man. "The county seemed pretty well satisfied with its present sheriff; anyhow there's lots worse crimes than rustling, and I reckon most of us have done a bit of it, unless," he added apologetically, "unless it might be yourself."

WESTERN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE

From July 10th to 17th, 1914, the first students' summer conference for Western Canada was held at Lumsden Beach, Sask., a beautiful spot 30 miles north of Regina. All the higher educational institutions of Western Canada were represented. About 60 delegates were present. Of these, 20 represented Manitoba, two from Brandon College and 18 from Winnipeg colleges. This conference was arranged in co-operation with the student secretary of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. and the Student Volunteer Movement.

Many of the most noted student leaders, professors and Y.M.C.A. men of Canada, and some from the United States, were present. Among them we would note Dr. King of Edmonton, Principal Oliver and Dr. Walter Murray of Saskatoon, Dr. Whidden of Brandon College, Arthur Rugh, national student secretary of China; C. W. Bishop, general secretary National Council of Y.M.C.A., and J. C. Robbins of the Student Volunteer Movement.

The object of the summer conference is to get as many men as possible together in the midst of ideal surroundings and, by the assistance of great leaders, to help them solve the difficult problems of student life, to show a man his opportunities for a true life work, and to better fit him to live a life that counts both in college and after graduation. In short, its aim is to develop strong student leaders. No one can attend this conference and leave it the same man. The deep consideration of life's problems, the inspiration of

great Christian leaders, and not least, the wholesome sport and comradeship of Christian students enjoyed during that week, will make an impression on his mind that will never be forgotten.

The daily programme contains periods for Bible study, mission study and college problems, rural problems and social service classes.

Each evening a meeting is held to consider the question of one's life work. Prominent men in all professions are secured to give talks on their respective professions. Every effort is made to point out to each man the calling for which he is best adapted and the opportunities for service in that vocation. Also, there are platform meetings held twice each day at which strong addresses are delivered.



Life Work Meeting on Round Top.

The following is a day's programme. It will give an idea of how the time is used.

- 6.30 a.m.—Morning dip in the lake.
- 6.45 a.m.—Morning watch.
- 7.00 a.m.—Breakfast.
- 8.00 a.m.—Bible study.
- 9.00 a.m.—Social service, administration.
- 9.45 a.m.—Mission study, rural problem.
- 10.30 a.m.—Normal leaders' training, personal evangelism.
- 11.15 a.m.—Platform meeting.
- 12.30 p.m.—Dinner.
- 1.30 p.m.—Interviews with leaders.
- 2.00 p.m.—Baseball, football, rowing, fishing, etc.
- 4.30 p.m.—Swimming, aquatic sports.
- 6.00 p.m.—Supper.
- 7.00 p.m.—Life work meeting.
- 8.00 p.m.—Platform meeting.
- 9.30 p.m.—Delegation meetings.
- 10.00 p.m.—Lights out.

The conference this year will be held from July 29th to August 5th. Fellows, plan to be there. You will enjoy the finest and most profitable week you could hope to spend in a summer camp.

—W. J. Wood.

PENSÉE

La neige, elle se fond, dont le beau manteau blanc
Couvrait le sol tremblant;
Elle se fond, ne laissant que trace menteuse,
Que de la boue hideuse!

Ainsi quand disparaît l'innocence d'un coeur,
Quand s'en va sa candeur,
À l'âme ainsi déchue, il ne reste en échange,
Hélas! que de la fange!
—P. Gaze.

INTERESTING SERIES OF FACULTY ADDRESSES TO THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY

A new era of co-operation between Faculty and students has been inaugurated by the series of addresses delivered during the forenoons of the 5th, 12th and 19th of March. The respective speakers were Prof. M. A. Parker, Prof. Fred Clark, and Prof. Frank Allen. Prof. Parker spoke on the 5th inst., of "The Debt of Civilization to the Science of Chemistry." Prof. Clark made a sympathetic analysis of the Antigone of Sophocles. Prof. Allen dealt with "Educational Tendencies, Past and Present." The interest aroused by the lectures was attested by the large and enthusiastic attendance of students and professors.

Professor Parker

Prof. Parker first sketched the early history of chemistry. He paid a warm tribute to the nameless workers who had contributed to the development of the science. He then gave an impressive enumeration of the industrial and commercial benefits made possible by applied chemistry. At the close of his address he made an interesting allusion to the present position of the University of Manitoba, which we subjoin:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—With this session began a new era in the history of the University of Manitoba. It is not my wish nor is it my intention to enter into a discussion of University politics, but on this occasion I cannot resist making a brief reference to the present situation.

"For the first time in the history of this institution the University Faculty—which seven or eight years ago numbered only six professors and now consists of over forty professors, assistant professors and lecturers—finds itself in the responsible position of having under its care a large body of students.

"For years we had almost despaired of a really satisfactory solution of the University problem being reached, but now many of the difficulties of the situation have disappeared.

"We still labor—students and Faculty alike—under almost overwhelming disadvantages, especially with regard to accommodation. But it is not to be expected that all our difficulties should vanish in a day. Suitable buildings we must and shall have, sooner or later. But although we cannot rest content with the present state of affairs, let us not be unreasonably impatient. One has heard it stated somewhere that Rome was not built in a day.

"I would earnestly remind you that fine buildings do not make a great university. The spirit of Faculty and students means more than does the mere outward show of stone and mortar. We are making progress. No one that has been associated with the affairs of our University will attempt to deny it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it lies with us and with you to build the foundations of this University by the earnest fulfilment of our duties as Faculty and students, so that in years to come when this institution is one of the great universities of this great country, you will look back with pride to the days when you stood by it as loyal students and helped it towards its greatness."

Professor Clark

Prof. Clark demonstrated concretely that time is powerless to affect the validity of great literature. The Antigone is 2,400 years old, but its message is universal and modern. The elements of Grecian tragedy are simple beside those set in motion by the modern drama, but the fundamental human emotions are there nevertheless. Human nature does not change greatly after all. Creon, the King in Sophocles' play, represents the spirit of modern Prussianism, which would subordinate the rights of the individual to the tyrannous demands of the state. Over against these, Antigone asserts triumphantly the right of the individual to be true to moral and religious ideals.

Professor Allen

The address of Prof. Frank Allen was interlarded with quietly facetious points that lighted up an otherwise serious discussion of educational tendencies. After tracing the characteristics of ancient education he passed to the mediaeval period. The education of the Middle Ages was hostile to advancement because it was so subservient to authority. Coming to our own time he pointed out that we live in an age of synthesis. Education for its part too should be synthetic. Every course of study should include its quota of the objective and subjective. On the whole, he deplored the extremes to which the system of electives is carried in many American universities. Incidentally, he alluded to the fact that it is possible for a student in the University of Manitoba to matriculate and graduate without taking an iota of science. This he thought a mistake. The old ideal of the university as a home for the study of the humanities should be united with the conception of the technical school. The university should be a real studium generale, where all subjects are professed and studied. The humanities link us with the past; technical studies affiliate us with the industrial and commercial present.

THE HIGH POINTS IN THE RELIGION OF EGYPT

(George L. Waite, '10.)

A few grains of wheat recently taken from an Egyptian sarcophagus, where they had lain for twenty centuries, had so retained their vitality that when they were sown they produced perfectly normal and healthy plants. So, also, the religion and civilization of Egypt have been taken, quite literally, from their tombs, and have been given a place and a voice in the thought of our time. They too, after their long sleep, are surprisingly vital. It is not the squeaking gibberish of modern spirit-rapping, but a full, manly voice that speaks of toil and of pleasure, of building and feasting, of hope and fear, of the love of home, of marriage, of sickness, and of death. The magic of modern scholarship has reanimated old Egypt and made him tell his story.

Prior to the nineteenth century very little was known about ancient Egypt. Her pyramids and other monuments spoke of an ancient and magnificent past, but it was in the eloquence of a stately silence. The reason for this was that the language

of Egypt was not understood. The walls of many tombs were inscribed in a hieroglyphic which no eighteenth century scholar was able to decipher. Attempts to translate the hieroglyphic records produced hopelessly contradictory results. In 1799, engineers attached to Napoleon's expeditionary force to Egypt, discovered the so-called Rosetta stone. A stone tablet 2 feet by 3, it was inscribed in three different characters: the hieroglyphic, the Denrotic, which proved to be a cursive and very much modified form of the hieroglyphic, and Greek. Though the stone had been broken and the greater part of the hieroglyphic inscription was missing, no full line being quite intact, enough remained to give, with the use of the accompanying Greek translations, a key to the ancient language.

The first man to render distinguished service in the new field of Egyptology was J. F. Champollion, who, by the scholarly use of the Rosetta stone and many other fragments collected by himself, was able at length to prepare material for an Egyptian grammar and lexicon. Unfortunately the brilliant savant died before the fruit of his labor was published. But Champollion's work had inspired other men in France, Germany and England to work in the same field, with the result that, first in Berlin, in 1863, and then in Paris in 1872, journals on Egyptology were published. Since then many workers have entered the field; chairs in Egyptology have been established in all the great universities; excavations on sites of ancient cities, temples and tombs, have gone on apace; and many hundreds of square feet of hieroglyphic inscription have been translated into modern languages. What is the story that the now vocal monuments tell, and what, in particular, have they to say about the religion of Egypt?

Easily the most striking thing about the religion of Egypt is its relationship to the *fact of death*. It is in its tombs and epitaphs that old Egypt lives. Much of the greatest part of Egyptian writing is found on the walls of tombs and the insistent and characteristic message is concerned with religious beliefs regarding death and immortality.

Cardinal elements in Egyptian belief are: First—Man's life is prolonged after death, but the tomb is the final resting place of the body. The tomb must therefore be well built and securely guarded, the body preserved from decay by embalming, and religious sepulchral rites maintained by priests, supported by monetary endowments. Second—Immediately following death, and before the dead man can enter a state of blessed immortality, he must be judged by Osiris, the god of the dead. A favorable judgment can be obtained in two ways: by magical machinations, the possession of amulets and talismans, by the knowledge of religious formulae and the knowledge of the names of the forty-two gods who sit with Osiris and assist him in pronouncing sentence, and, secondly, and chiefly, by the ability on the part of the deceased to show that during his life, in character and conduct, he was conformed with the high standard set up by Osiris. The protestations of good character reveal a remarkably high ethical standard. Third—Following favorable judgment by Osiris, comes a restoration of all those parts and faculties of which death had robbed the man.

Beatification follows. A glorified form of earthly life is entered upon. At his will, and for such time as he pleases, the now immortal can adopt any

form he wishes, a lotus flower, a dove or a turtle. In some cases the dead person becomes identified with Osiris. Especially is this so in the case of kings and nobles.

The records reveal several phases in the development or modification of Egyptian religion. The first phase presents something akin to totemism. Each city appears to have had its local totem or god. The god was generally some animal. Political changes, with centralization in government, tended to make the god of the dominant city supreme, though the gods of the conquered people were allowed a place in the general pantheon.

There arose also, whether concomitant with, or growing out of this early totemism, a belief in certain cosmic deities, personifications of natural phenomena: such as Re, the sun; Apepi, darkness; Shu, air; Tefunt, dew; Seb, the earth, the father; Nut, the heaven, the mother, whose children, regarded by some writers as glorified Egyptian nobles or kings, are Osiris, later identified with Re; Isis, at once the sister and wife of Osiris; Set, or Seth, the brother but implacable enemy of Osiris and Nephthys. Egypt in religious belief as in general culture was pronouncedly conservative. It has been said that Egypt could learn but not forget. The cosmic deities did not supplant the early local gods, but merely took a place with them in an enlarged pantheon. This essential conservatism is shown by nothing more than the failure of Amenotap IV. to establish a pure monotheism. His iconoclastic zeal produced a violent reaction and his most notable contribution to the religious thought of the day, the great hymn to Aton, noble in conception and distinguished by poetic beauty of expression, was forgotten in the reign of his immediate successor. Following Amenotep IV., the later stages of thought and cultus were marked by an increasingly coarse materialism.

Though Egyptian theology was incurably polytheistic, the supreme god Re was conceived in an elevation of thought and supplicated with singular beauty of expressions, "O my God and Lord who hast made me and formed me, give me an eye to see and an ear to hear thy glories."

Two Egyptian notions deserve special mention, those expressed by the words *nutar* and *Ka*. The word *nutar* never became a proper name. It meant cosmic power, and contains at the very least the germ of the Spencerian conception of "an infinite and eternal energy from whence all things proceed." *Ka* was equivalent to the Latin *genius*. Death was attributed to the departure of a man's *Ka*. After a successful trial before Osiris, the *Ka* was restored to a man. It was his *Ka* which became identified with Osiris and then returning to a man raised him unto Divine status, a doctrine strangely parallel to that of spirit possession held by the Christian Paul.

Of the best things in Egyptian religion we may say that the people of Egypt, quite unassisted by special revelation, and in the exercise of their minds upon their own experience and the world of nature, achieved both a high ethic and a buoyant faith, priceless alike to themselves and to us; to them, as a guide and inspiration for life; to us, as contributing to the study of comparative religion, an illustration of the vital principles of the unity of truth, and the possibility of attaining a working knowledge of ultimate truth by *man* for *man*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor *The Manitoban*.

Dear Sir,—While in a theatre recently I noticed that on a portrait of our King being displayed on the screen, and the orchestra playing the national anthem, a great many people, even some in uniform, evinced no sign of enthusiasm. Now I am not a stickler for details of ceremony, yet I do think that, especially at this present time, we should pay more attention to the time-honored custom of at least rising on such an occasion.

The far-seeing Carlyle has written: "It is in and through symbols that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being: those ages, moreover, are counted the noblest, which can the best recognize symbolical worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the godlike?"

Have we not, in the picture of our ruling monarch and the playing of our national anthem very valuable and meaningful symbols? Do not these bear for us a recollection of the administration of our great Empire: the paternal rule and patient development of the teeming millions of dark India and Egypt; the care of the hopeful young South Africa; the guidance into their glorious destinies of the puissant commonwealths—Australia, New Zealand and our own Dominion? Surely these are most interesting and moving things that the playing of the National Anthem symbolizes!

Our forefathers have often stood, bareheaded, contemplating a picture of their sovereign with a fine enthusiasm, which, often as not, dimly veiled their eyes with a suggestion of sacred tears; and, sensing the pregnant meaning of the words, have muttered a husky "Amen," to "God Save the King." Yet we, their children, seem to find it difficult to forget our petty comforts or personal ambitions long enough to offer thirty seconds of respectful recognition of the same symbols on the altar of patriotism!

Yours,

Pro Bono Publico.



ADDRESSING OF MAIL

In order to facilitate the handling of mail at the front and to insure prompt delivery it is requested that all mail be addressed as follows:—

- (a) Rank.....
- (b) Name.....
- (c) Regimental Number.....
- (d) Company, Squadron, Battery or other unit.....
- (e) Battalion.....
- (f) Brigade.....
- (g) First (or Second) Canadian Contingent.....
- (h) British Expeditionary Force.....

Army Post Office,

LONDON, ENGLAND.



PURE PACKED PRODUCTS

About Ben Zoate (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke one night amid the grime and grease,
And saw within the cannery's deep gloom
A demon writing in the book of doom.
Exceeding nerve Ben Zoate now possessed,
And thus the sooty visitor addressed:

"What writest thou?" The demon raised his head,
Saying, with shrewd look from his thievish eyes,
"The names of those who love the Prince of Lies."

"And is mine there?" quoth Abou. "Nay," he said—

"But I shall write whate'er thou wilt instead."
And Abou sweetly said "I am content;
Write me I pray 'One tenth of one per cent.'"
The demon wrote and went, but the next night
He came again and by a flickering light
He showed the names that met the Devil's test,
And, lo, Ben Zoate's name led all the rest!

Many a hero is remembered not because of his victories but because of his conduct during adversities.

WHO'S WHO AT THE UNIVERSITY

A. M. Shinbane, B.A., President of Intercollegiate Debating Union.



Two things, debating ability and executive ability, are expected of the president of the Intercollegiate Debating Union. The latter is essential, and in Abbie Shinbane we have a man who has given proof of possessing it to a marked degree. As a member of the '12 class of Manitoba College, and later during his law course, he has, in debating, journalistic, curling and other circles, demonstrated his capacity for organization. And, whether his attacks were organized or not, he always spread dismay among the enemy at the spring finals.

On the debating platform itself Abbie has been a notable success. He was always counted on to win an Intercollegiate contest, and, if we remember rightly, he never disappointed us. He is a whirlwind in reply, having made some of the most telling rebuttals we have ever heard. Last year he was a member of the brilliant team which Manitoba University sent down to Fargo.

Though not debating this year, he has worked enthusiastically in the interests of the union, and the success in Intercollegiate and International debating circles bears witness to his efforts.

THE FARMER'S FRIEND

By ROLLY STONE

Last spring, after losing my job with the government, I didn't do much for a while except walk around town, while my hair was growing out again. I dasn't set down for fear of creating a need for patches that I couldn't fill, and I kept my hands in my pants pockets most of the time to save my galluses. In them circumstances I would a ben glad to make a dollar anyway, fare or fowl, outside of religion and politics.

One day I got friendly with a fellow that allowed he was making a canvas for a book and wanted somebody to take the job off his hands. I couldn't see no sence in making a canvas when he could a got one cheap ready made, but I swore canvas making was my regular line and took the job. That canvas talk was all bluff. What he wanted was somebody to peddle the book around among the farmers on a motorsickle. "The Farmers' Friend" was the name of it—the book, I mean, not the motorsickle; because *it* wasn't. That motorsickle was born without a muffler, and never wore one, so she had a sore throat most of the time and coughed like a tubercler. Farm horses don't associate much with tuberclers and they ain't used to them.

Well, that motorsickle was the most pernicky critter, and familiar—I was calling her Maud before I knowed her half an hour. She'd eat out of your hand, or your leg, or whatever part of you was nearest. Maybe for a week she'd run as smooth as oil and lull your suspicions to rest till you was ready to put your arm around her and let her weep greasy tears on the bosom of your shirt; and then some beautiful Sabbath morning, when you asked her to leave home about seven o'clock for a spin along the river road, she'd stand up on her hind legs and snort till the windows rattled for a mile around, and the neighbors would stick their heads out of their windows and cuss till that beautiful Sabbath morning was all shot to pieces; but the minute you turned her head into the street she'd lay right down and die without a struggle.

The book was a cheap got up affair, and looked it. I felt sorry for any farmers that was willing to put up with friends like that at a dollar apiece, until I learned from the canvas fellow that the exterior was by no means to be considered an indication of the many excellencies lurking within, and that the book was something for which the entire agricultural world had long been waiting. He said a lot more about it and put it pretty strong; and by the time he finished, I seen that it was not a luxury at all, but an absolute necessity for every farmer between here and Jericho, and I would be doing a service to humanity by selling them at such a low price.

The books would only cost me fifty cents apiece and he showed me in plain figures how I would easily clear five thousand dollars the first year, besides improving my health and getting a large number of Friends among the farmers which would be handy when I come to run for parliament. I wanted to know why he didn't stay with it himself, but he said money was no object to him and he was pretty well known among the farmers any-

way. He was, too, and so was the motorsickle. Every time I met a rig, I had to get off and berry that machine six foot under ground before the horses would go past, and then I had to take off my coat and persuade the driver to go away and leave me alone.

The first time I met a horse that would stand, on account of being deaf and blind, I got off with my hat in one hand and a Friend in the other, as instructed, and says: "I have here something for which the entire agricultural world has long been waiting —"

"Yes, with a shot-gun," says the driver, and reaches down and gets one from under the seat, and fills me so full of bird shot I looked like I had the chicken-pox.

I went on like that for a couple of weeks, using the Friends mostly to pay for gasoline and extra tires, and selling one now and again on a promisory note that wouldn't be dew till after thrashing. Finally, I come to a town where a fair was being held. Leaving Maud in a clump of bushes, about five mile out of town, as I had learned to do, I started to walk in. About half way there two fellows in a wagon caught up to me and give me a lift. They had a feather bedtick in the back and I laid down on it and tried to go to sleep, but the conversation was too interesting.

"Seen the Farmers' Friend lately?" says the driver.

"No, but I heard him go past this morning, heading straight for town, too."

They chuckled away to themselves for a while and then the driver says again:

"How much tar do you figger it'll take?"

"Oh, about a barl should be enough, unless they want to dip the machine too."

"There won't be feathers enough for the machine, unless somebody else brings a tick."

I lost interest in the proceedings right there and left them fellows without saying good-bye, and it was about that time I won the championship of America for cross country running and high and low hurdles, though it has never been commonly known or recognized.

When I seen old Maud safe and sound I could a wept for joy. I started her down a long road that wound around the edge of a hill where it was straight up on one side and straight down on the other, with a crick at the bottom. Coming around the bend I met a wagon load of picknickers with a team of fractious horses that started to climb the bank when they seen old Maud. I wasn't sure I was right but I went ahead. The only thing I could think of at that moment was a silly little rime I'd herd some place about "meets with an obstacle, mounts to the sky." It was true, too. After I met that wagon I was engaged in the study of astronomy for a considerable period.

When the stars finally faded from the summer sky, them two horses was about a mile away with the tongue and the two front wheels of the wagon; and the picknickers, with the rest of the wagon, was coasting down hill backwards, losing sandwiches and dishes and pie and cake at every jolt.

They was just getting up speed when the wagon slewed around and went over the edge. They all rolled out and slid down the bank together, but with very little conversation that could be understood. Most of them took up a sitting position in the crick at the bottom—to get cooled off I suppose—but they was still pretty hot when they clumb up and found me with my back broke.

I never seen them again for they closed my eyes in about five seconds. When they got through I was mostly in one place, but the motorsickle was scattered over five quarter-sections of land. I seen right away that country life was too tame for me. I needed excitement, so I come to the city.

ONE-EYED PETE

From the McGill *Daily* we learn the sad story of One-Eyed Pete, the Educated Fishworm (alias Anglemorm, alias Earthworm). The story of his career will be of great interest to other college students. Professor R. M. Yerkes, of the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, in his efforts to prove Darwin's statement that earthworms exhibit some degree of intelligence, has collected quite a little class of them, but Pete was his prize scholar. "Even a worm will turn," and the professor endeavored to teach Pete to turn always the right way.

He accordingly devised two artificial burrows fixed up quite home-like, joined to a glass-walled T-shaped tube. Pete was allowed to enter this tube at the base of the T and to crawl along till he came to the cross-tube at the top where he might turn either to the right or to the left. If Pete turned to the right he would arrive at a burrow handsomely lined with wet blotting paper, if he turned to the left his way was a veritable obstacle race. First there was a strip of sand paper to discourage him, then a piece of blotting paper soaked in salt water. Now Pete, like a true college student, loathed mineral water, and even if he scraped an acquaintance with the sandpaper, the professor knew he would turn from the salt.

The first day Pete turned to the right five times and the left five times. Four days later he chose the salt-water route six times and the home-and-mother way four times. These actions must have cost Pete an interview with the Dean, for the next day he turned to the right each time. With the exception of a few days when he wasn't feeling well he maintained this record consistently.

Pete's final taking off was due to the fact that the professor insisted on removing his head. This in itself was a trifling matter, for Pete soon grew another. The consequences, however, left Pete in a pretty pickle: half of him was educated, the other half was not, and in his efforts to accommodate himself to these new conditions he became violently ill and yielded up the ghost a day later, universally respected for his great learning.

Pete was known to the professor as No. 2. Those wishing a complete *scientific* account of his life we would refer to the McGill *Daily* of January 23rd.

(Synopsis reprinted from *The Sheaf*.)

"Any man will get along pretty well if he keeps his heart warm and his head cool."

—*The Gentle Cynic*.

BELATED ANSWERS

She said: "The play seemed tiresome,"
And paused for a reply.
I said: "No time hangs heavy
If you are only by"—
That is, I said it later,
I couldn't think of it then;
I was ready for her another time,
But she never said it again.

"The good, the true, the beautiful,"
She said, "I dearly prize."
"And they are always with you,"
I said with beaming eyes.
That is, I should have said it,
If I hadn't been too slow.
As it was, I only thought it out
An hour or two ago.

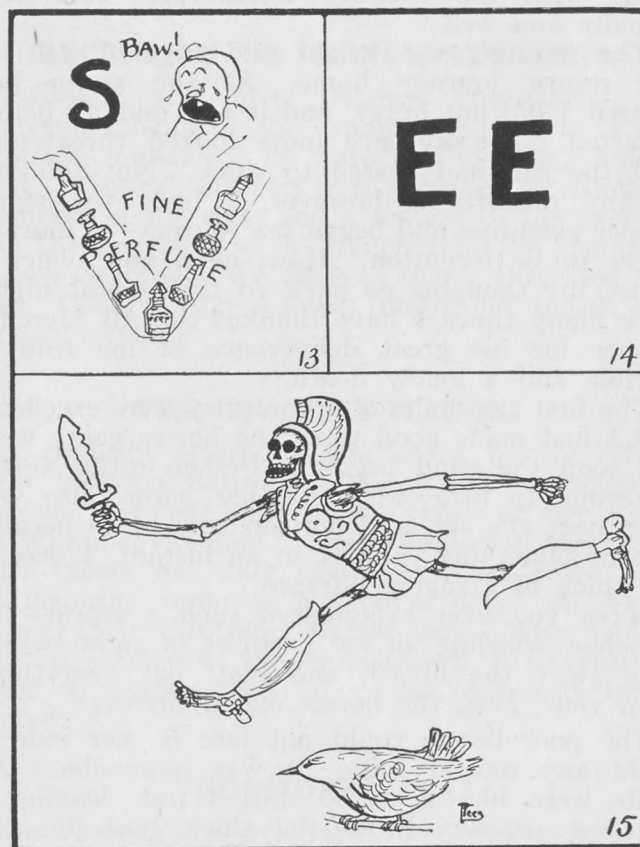
"May I sit by you?" asked Phyllis.
Quoth I: "The pleasure's mine";
I said it after she got out,
Two stations down the line.
Send me, benignant heaven,
Some speed of wit, I pray,
That I may think of fit replies
Upon the self-same day!

—*Ex.*

THE MANITOBAN'S PUZZLE CORNER

Conducted by P. C. TEES, '14

This is the fourth set of a series of 20 disguis(t)ed professors' names.



The lady or gentleman turning in the neatest correct solution to "The Puzzle Editor" will be rewarded by the University with a nice ring. This will be presented at 10 a.m. on Thursday, April the 1st.

Anyone present at such a time will be allowed to hear this ring.

LOST IN THE BLIZZARD

It was a bitterly cold day in January, the thermometer registering forty below zero, when I left the little shack for the nearest store, twenty miles distant, to buy provisions for myself and partner. Jack Gilmour and I had come out from the Old Country in '98 and after years of hard work and misfortune had taken up rough, heavily-timbered homesteads adjoining each other, and were now in a fair way of success. Our crops had, however, not been up to expectations last fall, owing to the drought, and we had been very careful to avoid all useless luxuries in consequence. But ordinary provisions we must have, and as we had put off the journey for some weeks, owing to the severe weather, it was a case of necessity which compelled me to leave Jack to care for the stock and take my journey in spite of the cold.

My plan was to sleigh to Kenvine, twenty miles distant, across a desolate wind-swept prairie, sheltered only on the east side by heavy bush and thick timber, and return the following day.

Leaving the homesteads I soon found the bite of the frost, but as the wind was behind me it was not so unbearable as I expected, yet the thought haunted me of "what about the return journey?" But, of course, the wind might change. It was, however, a solitary and lonely drive, and I felt glad when, after three hours journey, I arrived at my destination.

After purchasing the necessary provisions I spent an enjoyable evening, chatting and playing cards with the friendly storekeeper, and slept soundly and well.

The morning was bright and augured well for my return journey home. As the storm had cleared I did not hurry, and it was midday before I started. The sky once more looked threatening and the sun had ceased to shine. Not thinking of any misfortune, however, I bade the storekeeper good-bye and began my journey—a journey never to be forgotten. How, even now, when I write, my thoughts go back to that awful night. How many times I have thanked the All Merciful Father for his great deliverance of me from a terrible and a lonely death.

The first two miles of my journey were excellent, and I had made good time, the horses going well, but soon the wind began to freshen in the North, throwing up little wisps of icy snow into my face; next the sky and horizon seemed to become a faint blue; then, almost in an instant, I was in the thick of a raging blizzard.

Have you ever experienced such a storm—the ceaseless whirling of icy particles of snow, which take away the breath and blot out everything from view, even the horses one is driving?

The poor beasts could not face it, nor indeed, could any mortal thing—it was impossible. All trails were like a flash, blotted out, leaving a trackless prairie. From the thick bush on the east the wolves began to cry, hungry, lean-bellied beasts, formidable enemies to grapple with. I had my heavy sporting rifle with me—we always carried firearms for protection against these huskie devils, which had been known to hunt in large packs of 50 or more. The howl of the wolves did not worry me so much, for I knew that they would

hardly leave the shelter of the timber to face such a storm unless driven to desperation by hunger.

Should I go to the woods for shelter and face the danger of the wolves? There was no chance of driving on, or going back, each direction seemed the same, yet within that bush (two miles east) I should at least be sheltered from the storm. I determined, with confidence in my rifle, to face the danger of the bush; but here I had not reckoned with my horses. They plodded wearily on for about a mile against the blizzard, when a terrible, long-drawn howl from a large pack of wolves on the trail of their prey frightened them and drove them to a state of pitiful fear. They stopped, wild-eyed, nostrils distended in terror, and suddenly wheeling around, upset the sleigh and madly galloped off, leaving me lying in the snow.

The blizzard was so dense that soon all trace of their tracks was swallowed up, and I could do nothing to find them. I now determined to struggle blindly on towards the friendly shelter of the woods, despite the danger of the wolves; it could not be far off. My rifle was pitched off the sleigh when it overturned and I had groped about until I had found it. Could I reach the shelter before I sank down exhausted? I knew that was my only chance of safety.

Once I sank to my knees and cried like a child—once I prayed a mumbled prayer to God, called my chum Jack by name, said good-bye to all and felt that growing drowsiness of the sleep of death. But always there was that inward prompting and voice which seemed to say: "Play the game to a finish; don't give in."

What odds there are on nature in this great battle of life and death in a blizzard! How weak we are against the terrible unseen forces which drive the snow and lash the wind to fury! It was terribly cold, but I did not feel it now; I felt a delicious sense of warmth and drowsiness—I wanted to sleep. Yes, I would burrow in the snow and sleep. I sank to the ground feebly raking away at the frozen snow to form a shelter, and all the time I knew I was digging my grave.

Then, shall I ever forget it, such a sound that froze my blood in my veins and rouses me from that fatal sleep! Have you ever heard the howl of those devil wolves famished by hunger? Their cry, like souls in agony, wailing a long drawn howl into a piercing shriek, echoing and re-echoing everywhere. I was near the bush, at its very edge; those gaunt hungry creatures had scented me.

All my sleep was at an end; gone was all drowsiness. I was alert, ready for action. The air now began to rapidly clear, disclosing a star-lit sky and right in front of me the bush, and from the dark gloom of the timbers I saw little glaring balls of fire. Could I shake them off? There must have been twenty of the brutes.

One which seemed to be the leader, a great lean beast, bolder than the rest, was glaring at me with eyes of hate and showing cruel fangs. I raised my rifle and fired; he fell with a sickening howl of pain, and then in an instant the whole pack was upon him, tearing him to pieces in

ravenous haste. The scene was sickening. I made a rush for a small spruce tree nearby and climbing it was so far safe from the famished brutes. But a new horror confronted me. The cold began to tell and limbs became numbed and stiff.

Around the foot of the tree those wolves lingered, maddened with the smell and taste of blood. Now and again their howls would stir the silent world into chaos. I fired several times at the shadowy beasts but only once did I succeed in hitting my mark, then, as before, there was a snarl of fury and a flash of glistening teeth and soon only bones were left. Once I shuddered as I almost fell from my perch, through the numbing cold. After a time I missed the shadowy forms and I decided to die fighting rather than freeze to death. Painfully I clambered down from the tree, carefully nursing my rifle in frost-bitten hands.

The wolves did not again appear or attack me, and after hours of weary travelling through the trackless snow I stumbled upon our shack and sank exhausted into Jack's arms. How gently he nursed me back to life is too sacred to speak of. But you can understand why it is I always speak of him as dear old Jack.

—*"The Cap."*

'L'AVARE"

On Friday evening, March 19th, the '18 Class of 'Varsity College presented Molière's comedy, "L'Avare," to a large and appreciative audience. The play, while both pretentious and difficult, was most capably handled by a cast which presented no weak member.

Mr. Athol Gordon, in the title role of the miser, was the outstanding character of the play. His portrayal of the old and decrepit, yet thoroughly egotistic and self-satisfied skinflint was excellent. His vocal and facial expression afforded no room for criticism, and his eccentric and nervous bearing were perfectly true to life. The character could not have been in more capable hands.

Miss Norsworthy, as Marianne, the cause of the misunderstanding, was quite captivating, and her lines, while few in number, were very pleasantly given, with a quiet careful and distinct diction.

Valère, the steward of the household, was very effectively handled by Mr. Graeme Norman, and much credit is due him for his excellent facial expression and the correct interpretation of his part.

Miss Agnes Duncan and Mr. J. T. Fisher, as daughter and son of Harpagon, the miser, portrayed their characters quite pleasingly, and their parts showed careful study and preparation.

The character of Frosine, a lady of intrigue, was very well rendered by Miss Bingeman, and Mr. Ross as Jacques, the scheming and fraudulent, cook-coachman was very good.

The other parts, while smaller, were no less artistically handled, and the class of year '18 are to be congratulated on having so many artists among their numbers. Much praise should be given Prof. Menner, for in a large part the success of this splendid production was due to his careful management.

"Don't do anything till you do it, and then when you have done it, stop doing it."

—Gillette.



THE COLLEGE GIRL

ATHLETIC SUPPER

On Tuesday, March 16th, 'Varsity girls held their first annual athletic supper in Wesley College convocation hall. Being the day before the 17th, the tables were tastefully decorated with St. Patrick's colors.

The guests of honor were the central girls who hold the intercollegiate championship in basketball, and representatives from other intercollegiate organizations. The intercollegiate basketball cup was presented to the central captain by Miss Adelaide Anderson, who congratulated the team upon their victory over the invincible "Chrubs." The interclass shield donated last year by Miss Gladys Haney was again awarded to the '15s by Miss M. Horner.

The tennis racquets so generously donated by Dr. Wilson, were presented by Miss Margaret Smith to Miss Hazel Manwaring, winner of singles, and Misses Anderson and Williams, winners of the doubles in the ladies' tournament.

Rousing class and college yells showed that the girls have entered enthusiastically into the athletic spirit of the college.

RECEPTION TO FRENCH STUDENTS

Professor and Mrs. Osborne entertained the French students of the graduating class at a delightful "musical," on Saturday evening, March 13th. Musical numbers were provided by different members of the class and a feature of the evening was the rendering of a French song by the little Misses Osborne. We have to thank Professor and Mrs. Osborne for a most enjoyable social and musical evening.

THE '16's ENTERTAINED

A pleasant afternoon was spent by the Third Year girls on Saturday, March 6th, when Miss Gladys Matchett entertained them at her home on Winnipeg Avenue. Their reputation for "English" talent was duly sustained when given such an inspiring topic as a "movie play" on which to vent their "Miltonic" phraseology. After tempting refreshments, the industrious '16's returned home to resume their labors, so pleasantly interrupted.

VOCATIONAL TEAS

On Thursday, March 11th, the Senior and Junior girls were the guests of the University Women's Club at a very enjoyable tea, given at the home of Mrs. C. Isbister. Miss Wilton gave an interesting and instructive address on a topic of particular interest to many of our girls—"The Profession of Law." The advantages as well as difficulties met by women upon entering this

sphere of work, were mentioned. Miss Wilton pointed out that, considered merely from the educational standpoint, this course gave valuable mental training, and that the opportunities for success were growing, as women asserted their determination and efficiency to take up this line of work.

THE MIRACLE OF THE MOON-CHILD

(In the previous chapter, during the flight from his native town, which has been sacked by the Germans, a little Belgian, Louise Maihot, has become separated from his mother and now has wandered off in search of her.)

Squish! squash! squish! squash! Dieu, but the slush was slippery tonight! Surely there had never been such a rain in years. The very heavens must in truth be dry. Added to that, it had turned to sleet, heavy driving sleet, and with it the north wind. To be sure, the sleet had ceased, but the wind remained. Armand drew up the collar of his great coat with a shiver, as he turned sharply to meet the cutting blast. He sincerely wished his time were up. It seemed to him that he had heard of bards who sang in lofty towns the glory of sentry duty. But deep down in his heart, he wondered if they themselves had ever been engaged upon that noble work, especially with a north wind playing havoc with their heads and icy puddles at their feet. He emphatically believed they had not.

Coming once again to the end of his route, he made his military pirouette. How nicely he made it, he thought without little vanity. Rosie would like to see him make it. She had always, even when they were as children together, delighted in watching him play soldier. Play soldier indeed! There was irony contained in those words in his present situation. This was no play. This was the real thing, the business of life. Fighting against those cursed Allemands, with their huge machine guns, slaughtering at every turn—that was man's play.

But Armand's thoughts that night were not for the sterner aspect of things. A biting wind, howling about his ears and causing his rifle to rest as a lump of lead against his chilled body, made him think of the approaching winter. The approaching winter recalled to his memory the winters spent in joyous sport, or by an open hearth, in his own little French-Canadian village. But the sports and glowing hearth came not singly into his thoughts, for ever with them was coupled the image of a slight little figure, warmly clad, skating easily by his side, or bending sedately over her knitting in her armchair by the fireplace, heaped high with ruddy pine. So they had been, Rosie and he, so they would continue upon his return—if it pleased *le bon Dieu* to spare him—when he would claim her for his own.

Suddenly the close texture of the heavens above parted, and the huge embankment of clouds were grayed by an ever-increasing radiance. Then the moon came forth, and sailing majestically across the blue-black vault, so closely packed with stars, beamed benevolently upon the turbulent world beneath. Armand crossed himself reverently. This kindly light must augur good, must be some good omen, portending perhaps victory after the rebuffs and hardships of the previous days.

A faint moaning sound to his right caused his heart to bound into his mouth and the next moment to sink as a dead weight against his ribs. He laughed nervously. How foolish he had been! It was only the groans of one of the wounded in a nearby hospital tent. Next, a chorus of frogs, tuning up in an adjacent pond, was the means of sending most unaccountable and weakening sensations to his knees.

Slowly above the hilltop, cutting a distinct silhouette against the horizon, appeared the figure of a little lad clad only in a short home-spun tunic and bathed in the soft light of the moon, he approached. Armand caught his breath. It could not be the Blessed Child—but if not, why did that heavenly radiance encircle him in such a manner. Straight from the moon he had come, it seemed. If one gazed closely an indistinct halo might be detected, fading and gleaming as the northern lights upon a clear winter's night. Armand gazed silently, full of awe, at this frail child with his winsome face and curly locks. Then softly, but clearly, the childish, lisping voice complained, "I have lost my mother, now I must find her. Those wicked men with the shiny caps have losted her for me—just now I saw them beyond those hills—over there"—he pointed with his chubby hand in the direction from which he had come. "They were very, very high hills and I am tired; but I must find my mother." With these words, gravely addressed to Armand, the child's baby mouth drooping at the mention of his mother, he made as if to proceed. Then it was that Armand noticed how thin and shabby was his little tunic. He debated in fear, whether he should lay his hands upon this Holy Child, for who else might he be, wandering thus safely at night? His sympathy mastered his fear and, acting upon the impulse, he hastily unbuttoned his great coat and drew off his heavy jersey and slipped it over the child. The tiny lad made a grotesque enough figure, enveloped in the copious jersey, the sleeves of which, for the greater part, hung limp from his rosy hands. Again his kind little smile appeared, this time full of thanks and gratefulness. Laying his hands upon Armand's sleeve he said solemnly, "Good-bye, when I have found my mother I will see you again—soon." With these words he turned and soon disappeared in the valley beneath.

As soon as Armand had sufficiently recovered from his wonder and astonishment, he commenced to reflect upon the words the child had spoken. It was not vain, childish, prattle that had come from the mouth of the Babe; it could not be—there was wisdom in those words. What had he said—the men with the shiny caps—to be sure, those were the Allemands. But, even of more import, the child said they were beyond the hills. So that was where they were; creeping up in the dead of night to make a surprise attack. They would receive a surprise indeed, and not to their liking. The matter must be reported and at once.

The report was duly confirmed by an advance party and the following morning saw victory for the little French-Canadian regiment. Thus, in verity did the moon symbolize a clear victory—victory all the more glorious after successive defeats. But the sentry of the night before, breathing out a prayer for his Rosie, had gone to meet his little friend.

D. B. Colcleugh.



ST. JOHN'S AGAIN WIN HOCKEY

All honor is coming the St. John's boys for their splendid showing this year and we heartily congratulate them on winning, for the second time in succession, the Intercollegiate championship. Many of last year's champions were missing from their customary places, but St. John's has lived up to its reputation of being able to make a hockey team out of what might only be considered junior material by other teams.

Schools also emerged triumphant in the Junior series, when they made sure of the championship by running up a 17—1 score on Pharmacy.

FIRST SERIES

'Varsity 5, St. John's 3.

Playing fast hockey, and uncorking all kinds of speed in overtime play, the 'Varsity bunch piled up a two goal lead on the boys from the North, and, incidentally, taught them the taste of defeat.

The play was one of the fastest of the season, and the credit of the victory cannot be given to the winner's forward line but to their wonderful defence. The St. John's boys had many more shots than had their opponents, but even the redoubtable Jocko Anderson could not pierce the 'Varsity defence, to bulge the net for the winning goal, and time was called with the score still 3—3.

The first five minutes of over-time was very exciting. Cassin, who replaced Frederickson after his accident, was playing a good game and shortly before the time was up, the Varsity forwards broke away and Nason scored. In the second period St. John's made a gallant attempt to stave off defeat, but they could not solve the 'Varsity defence, and after Childerhose had slipped in another goal, they saw their efforts were useless, and the bell rang with 'Varsity leading, 5—3. Line-ups:

'Varsity—	St. John's—
Jackson	McMillan
Eggertson	Mitchell
Oliver	Dutton
Abbott	J. Anderson
Nason	Willis
Childerhose	Rowland
Frederickson*	M. Anderson

* Replaced by Cassin.

St. John's 5, Law 2.

After their defeat by 'Varsity, St. John's were taking no chances, and the result proved disastrous to the Lawyers, who found themselves blanked, 3—0, at the end of the first half.

Law started things in the second half, but all they could get was a 2—2 break, making the final score 5—2 for the Northenders. Neither teams

were playing championship hockey, and Law especially missed some open chances on goal. Young Moulden, for St. John's, made his debut in senior company, and certainly made good in the centre position.

Law lined up as follows—Moulden, Pfrimmer, Robinson, Morton, S. Campbell, McNeil, Henry.

Law 6, 'Varsity 2.

Law, greatly strengthened by the addition of Herb. Adamson, to their defence, and Pfrimmer, to their forward line, tied up the result of the first series by taking the big end of a 6—2 score from the 'Varsity boys. The quality of hockey played was marred by the heavy ice, but notwithstanding this, some good fast work was got in by both teams. 'Varsity were considerably weakened by the absence of Frederickson, and although they had a fair share of the play, their rushes were ineffective and usually ended in weak shots. McNeil and Henry, in a good bit of combination work, opened the scoring for Law, but 'Varsity evened up when Abbott secured, rushed and scored in a nice play.

The second half was decidedly Law's, for after both goals had had close shaves, Pfrimmer and Henry scored in quick succession, making the score 3—1. The heavy ice was beginning to tell on the forwards and the rest of the period was brightened by rushes of the defence men. Robinson, for Law, got away and shot one from far out, which fooled Jackson. Capt. Morton then made a nice try for a goal, and although his shot was stopped, Pfrimmer followed in and secured Law's fifth goal. 'Varsity's second and last goal was secured by Cassin on a high fast shot from the wing. With only a few minutes to go, McNeil rushed and although he was side-tracked into the corner, he slipped around the defence and shoved in the last goal of the game.

Referee: McLean. Judge of Play: H. Winkler.

SECOND SERIES

St. John's 4, 'Varsity 1.

Playing on ice which made the going very hard, the St. John's septette jumped into the lead by disposing of 'Varsity, 4—1. From the result of their first clash it was thought this game would be a hard struggle, but the 'Varsity boys never looked like winners from the start, and it was only their good defence work which kept down the score.

The first ten minutes was scoreless and was featured by rushes by the defence men and also by two scrimmages near the St. John goal. From one of these mix-ups, the Northenders rushed and Moulden tallied the first for St. John's. Shortly after, on a three man combination, Jocko Anderson to Rowland to Moulden, another goal was tallied for St. John's. The remainder of the half was close and both goalers were called on to make sensational saves. The two centre men, Moulden and Cassin, were playing hard, but were being closely watched by the defence.

The second half began at a faster pace and Jackson made several good saves, but let a long one from Mac Anderson get past him. 'Varsity tried many rushes, but finding the defence unbeatable, they began testing the St. John goaler with long shots, but there was "nothing doing," and Young Anderson again slipped in a counter. Playing hard to save themselves from a whitewash, 'Varsity rushed and Cassin tallied their lone goal. The last ten minutes of play was rougher and many heavy

body checks were given by both teams. The line-ups were the same as in previous games.

Penalties—

First Half—M. Anderson, J. Anderson.

Second Half—M. Anderson, (2); Oliver, Nason, J. Anderson, Abbott, (2); Dutton.

Referee—J. Simpson.

St. John's 10, Law 3.

A rather larger than usual crowd turned out to the "Aud." to see St. John's pile up a large score on their Lawyer friends, and by so doing, earn their right to be the cup-holders for another year. Considering the condition of the ice, the game was good and was not as one-sided as the score might indicate.

The game opened with St. John's rushing, but it was five minutes before Mitchell beat Moulden with a long, side shot. Law were not playing at their best, and were missing the goal. Again St. John's rushed and Moulden scored on a nice pass from Rowland. Law now came to life and for the next ten minutes completely out-played the St. Johnians. Henry looked good for a goal, but was sandwiched just at the goal. Shortly after, a scrimmage took place in the St. John's goal, but Law were "hoodooed," and McMillan succeeded in clearing. This style of play went on for a considerable time until Henry got the inevitable goal, but this broke the spell St. John's had been under, and Moulden and Mac Anderson scored in quick succession.

Jocko Anderson and Rowland increased their lead by two shortly after the rest, but Law came right back when Pfrimmer and Henry made it 6—3. The rest of the game was rather ragged and Law seemed to weaken towards the last. Before time was called St. John's had got four more past the over-worked Law goaler.

The teams lined up as in previous games.

Referee: Ollie Turnbull.

Judge of Play: MacVicar.

Penalties: M. Anderson (2), Morton (2), Pfrimmer (2).

MEDS. WIN BASKETBALL

We regret that an omission was made in last issue concerning the basketball championship. After defeating 'Varsity, last year's winners, the Medicals completely out-played the Agricultural team, and by disposing of them 28 to 14, the Sawbones annexed the cup for 1915-16. The new champions played well throughout the entire season and their record, free from defeat, shows that they deserved their victory. The team was as follows:—

Guard—Henry
Guard—Warner
Centre—McGuinness
Forward—Boyle
Forward—Venables

PHARMACY

The question sometimes arises as to just which is the oldest art. Agriculture is said to be the oldest art and the latest science, and next to this pharmacy probably takes its place. Agriculture was the means of providing the material whereby to sustain life, and medicine naturally followed as a

means of prolonging life and doing away with many physical pains.

In the early ages pharmacy was truly an art possessed by few, where to-day it may be said to be both an art and science. To understand this statement we must know what pharmacy includes. Pharmacy is sometimes defined as the art of selecting, preparing, compounding and dispensing medicines. It is based on a number of sciences, such as physics, chemistry, zoology, botany and mineralogy. Without a knowledge of these sciences, a pharmacist would be unable to successfully compound the great variety of preparations which the physician and the public demand.

The pharmacist must be familiar with the drugs which he handles. He must know how to prevent their deterioration. He must know the constituents of the plant drugs, the percentage of each constituent and the solubilities of the constituents with regard to different solvents. He must be able to recognize or test for impurities, and must know the different commercial varieties of the plant drug. A knowledge of the botanical and geographical source is sometimes useful. A knowledge of the official standards of strength of preparations as demanded by the British Pharmacopoeia, is necessary; and the pharmacist must be able to test for adulteration in constituents as well as for strength, in all preparations. The pharmacist is held responsible for the sale of drugs which are either under or over strength, and it is his duty to see that what he receives from the wholesale department contains the constituents in the proportion which the name of the preparation indicates.

A knowledge of the therapeutical action and dosage of each constituent is absolutely necessary. The doses of powerful remedies should be carefully scrutinized in all prescriptions before dispensing. Many a life has been saved by the watchfulness of pharmacists in this regard, and the reputation of the physician preserved as well. On the other hand, the pharmacist is held criminally liable with the physician, by the law, if he compounds and dispenses a prescription containing a fatal dose of poison. Unusual doses of powerful drugs are sometimes given for special cases. In such cases a physician alone is responsible, provided it was ordered thoughtfully.

Biological products are fast becoming predominant and a better knowledge of these is required by the pharmacist. These preparations strike more directly at the cause of the trouble and are, therefore, held as the best and most scientific method of treatment.

Pharmaceutical manufacturing is carried out by many processes and the ingenuity of the pharmacist counts for much. In the extraction and preparation of extracts, liquid extracts, tinctures, etc., such processes as maceration, infusion, expression and percolation are used. At the same time, such forces as capillarity, osmosis, solution, dialysis and diffusion are acting to produce results. It is in dispensing and the manufacture of pharmaceutical preparations that pharmacy becomes an art. In almost every mixture, emulsion, pill, tablet, ointment, or in the many other preparations, a new process is used and there are new difficulties to overcome. Here compounding is an art based, of course, on the various sciences, for every pharmacist has means of his own to overcome these difficulties. These means are those which his own

originality and experience furnish him. It is impossible to lay down any rule which will cover the mixing of constituents in every case and bring results.

In dispensing, many people have the idea that the translation of the prescription is difficult. In reality this part amounts to nothing. Latin is used in prescriptions for the purpose of exactness, since the same drug may be known under several names in the common language of the country. Latin is not subject to variation and is, therefore, more definite in grammatical structure and meaning. It has other advantages but these are of the most importance.

The greatest difficulty in dispensing is dealing with incompatibility. There are three kinds of incompatibility in pharmacy — chemical, physical and therapeutical. In the first, two or more constituents may react to form others with medicinal properties not required or perhaps harmful. In the second, two or more constituents may be of such a nature that they will not mix, as oil and water. In therapeutical incompatibility, two drugs have the opposite effect on the same portion of the body. The competent pharmacist is the one who quickly recognizes an incompatibility and knows how to avoid it. Chemical action cannot be prevented but can be retarded. When dispensing a prescription, the pharmacist must bear in mind that probably chemical action is meant to take place, and so great judgment is required in order to fulfil the physician's desire.

When the pharmacist receives his diploma he has many rights. He has control over the sale of many drugs which would cause much harm were he not conscientious. The pharmacist, however, has been conscientious, and people are beginning to see that the pharmacist is licensed, not so much to sell poisons, as he is to protect them, and restrict the sale of such poisons and drugs as are harmful. Thus we see that pharmacy and the pharmacist are important factors in the welfare of the public in many ways for which he seldom receives due credit.

G. P. B.

LA BRISE DES CŒURS

Douce passagère,
La brise légère
Efface des fronts,
Les tristes affronts
Des rides précoces.
Les sillons atroces
Que font dans nos cœurs.
Les grandes douleurs,
S'effacent de même.
Quand l'âme qu'on aime
Nous souffle des mots,
Abstergeant nos maux!

Douce passagère,
La voix qui m'est chère

Rend silencieux
Mes maux ennuyeux!

O brises légères,
Des paroles chères,
Plus souvent passez
Dans les cœurs blessés!

—V. Goth.

RULES OF CLASS BEHAVIOUR

1. While not engaged in taking notes, class must take out penknives and proceed industriously to carve up the desk, initials being an appropriate and popular adornment.

2. During periods, darts made from Latin exercises, snowballs and chalk must be thrown.

3. It is the duty of every member of the class to laugh when a *Mr.* is called *Miss* or a *Miss*, *Mr.*, no matter if he *has* heard the joke before.

4. When one coughs, the rest of the class must also suddenly contract violent colds.

5. Class must go into an uproar at the entrance of a dog.

6. When called upon, class must not be modest but proclaim vigorously that "such a class has never been seen," etc.

—H.S. '17.

ALONG THE ROAD

I walked a mile with Pleasure,
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.
I walked a mile with Sorrow
And ne'er a word said she;
But oh the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

—R. B. Hamilton, in the Century.

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Around the Campus

COMING EVENTS

Thursday, March 25—4.00 p.m. Annual Meeting of Y.W.C.A. at Y.W.C.A.
 Tuesday, March 30—8.00 p.m. Annual S.V.M. Meeting at Y.W.C.A.
 Friday, April 2—8.00 p.m. Wesley College Graduates' Farewell. Wesley College Convocation Hall.
 Thursday, April 8—8.00 p.m. 'Varsity College Graduates' Farewell.
 Thursday, April 15—Next issue of The Manitoban appears.
 Monday, April 19—Examinations begin.



'Varsity Notes

Perhaps the most important event of the last two weeks has been in the appearance of the V.C. pins and rings. Every one seems well pleased with the design.

Mr. McKenzie announces that the Year Book will be off the press by the middle of April and that it looks like a big success.

There is quite an epidemic of nervous prostration amongst the Fourth Year students. It started at the photographers.

'16 Class Elections

On Friday, March 12th, the '16 Class elected the officers for their final year. The elections were as follows:

Hon. Pres.—Prof. Chester Martin.
 President—Rhode Smith.
 Vice-President—Miss I. McCord.
 Secretary—H. Pilling.

Under the leadership of these capable officers the '16 Class anticipates an unparalleled success during the graduating session.

'16 Wit and Humor

Kindly loaned by the '15 Class—Nobody home but the carpet and it has designs on the floor.—(A.C.)

Tough luck to be sick, Straith; but the tickets were used—both of them.

Some of our girls seem to be in popular demand among students of both colleges. Ask Pat and Alex.

Has everybody seen Chick and his new lid?

Prof. F-th-rst-nh-gh—During the rest of the fight half company commanders will be *in the firing line*.

T-b-s, prospective candidate for Lieutenant's certificate, forthwith was seen to beat a hasty exit from the lecture.

Sunday Boys

Did you ever go to church,
 Upon a Sunday eve.
 And watch the boys and girls
 As they the service leave?

I wonder what attraction
 Claude Oliver can see,
 In the eyes of the little damsel
 Who sits right on his lee.

Or have you noticed Verner
 When the people start to leave,
 As he waits upon the doorstep,
 His lady to receive?

Herb Jackson sits in silence,
 The long, long service through.
 And when the preacher stops,
 Just guess what he will do?

But please don't blame the boys,
 Young men they soon will be.
 To the way their fancy turns,
 The poet has the key!

'18 Jokelets

Never mind, Frederickson. Cheer up!
 You might have broken that collarbone before the Falcons played the Monarchs!

What Clisthenes wants to know is: Who knocked over the table in Room A? Predicted on coming Geometry examination (after Dr. Wilson's "colored" lectures) — Red y— green x= blue y— tango x—Q.E.D.

The opening of "Ye Wesley Moose Club" has proved the greatest event of the term. Here at last we can produce "High Jinks" or "In My Harem," providing our *organ-ization* doesn't fail. The following rules have been adopted: (1) It is the duty of all patrons to warn the door-keeper of the approach of any suspicious character. (2) On all indoor sports, a roof limit. (3) Patrons must refrain from going out over the fanlight or window. (4) Decorations for walls welcomed and must be accompanied by one pint Le Page's glue. (5) Last but not least—Theologs keep out!!!

We predict that Dr. Stewart is fast rounding into condition. Also the caretaker!

Henderson protests that an officer couldn't be expected to grow a mustache for the C.O.T.C. picture on such a short notice as four days. Why didn't you resign in favor of Lucas, John D.?

Advice to Freshmen—Never run after a jitney or a woman; there will be another along in a minute.

"What's the matter with the '18 girls?"
 "They're all right."
 "Who says so?"
 "The '15 boys."

Freshette—Is hockey such healthy exercise?

'17 Girl—I should think it is! Why, it makes the boys so strong in the arms you can hardly breathe."

Prof. Rowland (at the Second Year play)—"Play with us in this key, Mr. Frederickson."

Fredrickson (absently)—"I'm playing rover."

'Varsity Student (reading Vergil)—
 "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck"—that's as far as I got, sir."

Prof. Joliffe—"Well, Mr. McI—, I think that was quite far enough."

MANITOBA COLLEGE NOTES

Rev. Principal Gandier of Knox College, Toronto, was in Winnipeg last week. While here, he took the opportunity of meeting the theological students and for this purpose Dr. Baird suspended the usual Homiletics class last Tuesday morning and gave the hour to Dr. Gandier.

Dr. Gandier delivered an interesting sketch of the history of the Honan Mission, China. He showed how this work was of particular interest to students, the movement which created it being started by the students of Knox.

We Should Like to Suggest

That the Faculty request Gough to take his final year again. We know why.

That the Residence Council provide W. W. McL. with a private 'phone.

That the Home Mission Committee now in session send Savage among the Esquimaux.

Did anybody else see the faraway look in Hector's face when Doctor Stewart gave out in prayers—"There are lonely hearts to cherish. While the days are going by?"

Elocution Contest

Last Friday evening the Theological students held a successful contest in the Convocation Hall. Rev. Dr. Patterson occupied the chair, and in a few well-chosen words emphasized the importance of good presentation to young men studying for the ministry.

The following were the contestants: Messrs. J. Hamil, J. Fleming, J. T. Gawthrop, George Gough, C. F. Lane, W. Mitchell and James Stewart. The judges decided unanimously that the gold medal go to Mr. Gough. Mr. J. T. Gawthrop won the silver medal, while Mr. J. Fleming the bronze.

In the Third Year Greek Class

Dr. Perry, correcting Greek exercise—
 No, you don't need "περι" (peri) here.

We respect the doctor's candour. No, we'll say nothing to Dr. B—d.

It is for students to plug, but it is the privilege of professors to pluck. (Prov. 32,1.)

George Robin and C. Neil are both in the hospital. G. R., who is in the Victoria, is progressing very nicely.

In Dr. Irwin's Third Year Luke Class

Adam Mort-n, hesitatingly—But, doctor.

Dr. Irwin—Yes! Mr. Mort-n.

Adam—Don't you think?

ST. JOHN'S NOTES

Great was the joy in the heart of every loyal Johnian on the night of March 15th, when the College hockey team, by defeating the Law Students, cinched the championship of the Senior Intercollegiate League for 1915, and ensured that the trophy which stands for victory would remain for another year, at least, in its present resting place in the College dining hall. The fruit of their labors is of a kind of which we may well feel proud. After the game the team was tendered an impromptu banquet at the Olympia Hotel, which fittingly wound up a day of merriment.

One of the most interesting evenings conducted by the Literary Society this year took place on March 12th, when Mr. Jos. Cherniack presented a most scholarly and instructive paper on "Zionism and its Future." Mr. Cherniack displayed a full knowledge of his subject, ably presenting the case for and against. Members of the Faculty (five in number) who were present, evinced a keen interest in Mr. Cherniack's remarks, and added several thoughts to the theme outlined by the speaker. The thanks of the society are due to Mr. Cherniack for his able address.

We offer hearty congratulations to Mr. C. J. Sutton on his receiving his commission in the 34th Fort Garry Horse. Mr. Sutton had five years experience in the Yeomanry and will doubtless prove an efficient officer.

Time-honored custom was upheld on St. Patrick's Day when the Co-eds of the College entertained the students to a "green" tea. As was only natural, Paddy Green was the predominant shade, both in the mural decorations of the parlor where the festivities occurred, and in the sartorial embellishments of the gentlemen present. It goes without saying that ample justice was done to the delicacies provided, by the numerous hungry mortals in attendance. A unique feature which even further enlivened the somewhat hilarious afternoon was the singing of several ancient Irish ditties by our "Irish band."

It gives us very great pleasure to chronicle the fact that Mr. H. P. Barrett, the energetic and popular Secretary of the Church Society, is once again in our midst, ready to resume his work and enter into the orgies of the Swampdogs. Some three weeks ago Harry, suffering from the strain of excessive parochial duties and hard study, was forced to leave College to recuperate amid the peaceful glades of Shellmouth. By the way, we seem to remember that Moffatt, Leighton, etc., of old were accustomed to seek rest amid the same haunts; we wonder if it "hath still its ancient power."

WESLEY BRIEFS

The last session of Parliament this term was held on Friday, March 19. All outstanding matters were wound up. The procedure of student body meetings

was slightly altered, and a financial report from all departments was presented. Nearly every department shows a good surplus. After an expression of appreciation for the work done by the Speaker, Mr. Keeton, Wesley Parliament of 1914-15 was prorogued.

Grads' farewell will take place Friday night, March 26th. A big attendance is looked for as this is the big event of the year. The valedictory for the Arts graduating class is to be delivered by H. G. Reynolds, that for the graduation class in Theology by H. Harrison.

Thirty Wesley men are now training with the various contingents in this city and the West.

The Wesley College Club held their annual dinner on Tuesday last in the St. Regis Hotel. The speakers included E. Loftus, E. A. Garratt and J. D. Hunt, the first Wesley Stick. General satisfaction was evinced at the forward policy adopted by the College board. In addition a movement was launched to provide a suitable record to be placed in the College, containing the names of those grads and students who have gone or will go on active service.

"Lit," on Friday evening, March 12th, was well attended. A general programme was the order of the night.

The Y.M.C.A. executive for next year has been elected with G. P. R. Tallin as president. This is the only College organization to elect its officers this spring and much time is being given to preparation for next fall's work. The editor of "Vox" for next year is E. P. Scarlett, with H. E. Snyder as business manager. Perc Tallin will captain the track team. The above positions have been filled this term to allow some plans to be made for next year. The other college offices will be filled as soon as College opens in the fall.

Arts students of Wesley, numbering twenty-two, held a theatre party at the Dominion Wednesday of this week.

Steps are being taken to have a roll of honor placed in the Convocation Hall, on which will be placed the names of Wesley volunteers.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls" filled the College halls with its clear and penetrating strains during the early hours of March 17th. Loyal sons of Erin carolled their joy at the approach of St. Patrick's day, while others listened in dismay.

"Chick" C. (the morning after the night before)—And this is the 18th of March. Well, how is it then that April begins on the first?

A reception for the Theological graduates was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Stewart on Friday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent. After the refreshments H. T. Oliver voiced the thanks of those present to Dr. and Mrs. Stewart. The singing of Auld Lang Syne brought a very pleasant gathering to a close.

This past week six more Wesley men have enlisted and are now training with the Third contingent in the city. These are: W. Lloyd of First Year Arts; E. Lee, F. A. Sharpley and T. Geach of Third Year Theology, and R. Bailey and E. C. Evans of Fourth Year Theology.

LAW NOTES

Harvey Kennedy, who was "called" last November, has been taken into partnership by E. Bailey Fisher.

Gordon N. Duncombe has returned from a month's holiday at his home in Waterford, Ont. He looks as though he had had a month's holiday.

ENGINEERING NOTES

Last Wednesday, Prof. Vincent McLean, while watching the transit of Venus through a level, was caught in a bridal shower from the Department of Architecture.

Dr. Stewart is skipping prayers to play tag with the engineers.

A. A. Bishop, S.M.E.—Say, Sutherland, when is that nickel "jew," "dew," due that you borrowed last month?

PHARMACY NOTES

M.G.A.—Do you know of anyone who has a place in his watch for me.

There are some hard partings with the fours these days.

Joe—I'll have to let the one at the restaurant go now.

Seen on Blakeman's application for examination:

Vacation Address—Boissevain.

Why Boissevain, Percy?

It must be nice to be called up

On the 'phone, just now and then,
And hear some sweet familiar voice

Speak to you once again.

Now this happened on a Friday,

When it was almost two,

And one of our diligent students

Took his hat, and off he flew.

We met him just at four o'clock

With a fair one by his side;

She was introduced as "sister,"

We thought 'twas his future bride.

It might have been, for all we know;

'Twas a put-up job, I think.

She may have been a sister

He stole from some other gink.

ST. BONIFACE NOTES

Thursday last the French Dramatic Society staged F. Delavigne's drama, "Les Enfants d'Edouard." Critics paid enthusiastic compliments to the actors and a packed house showed remarkable appreciation. His Lordship Bishop Beliveau addressed the students on the occasion.

The English Dramatic Society, under the direction of Fathers Bradley and Coughlin, is preparing Bulwar Lytton's "Richelieu," which will be presented some time before Easter.

On St. Patrick's Day the students were addressed by Rev. A. B. Bradley, S.J., who spoke most interestingly on Henry Grattan, the great Irish parliamentarian.

We beg to introduce Decosse-Dechene Company, scenery shifters and general theatrical entrysreneurs.

Be sure to see the kids play marbles (senior division).

It is about time to commence whetting an appetite for the Easter turkey dinner!

The night of the French play some had mighty "close shaves."

TO DOC.

Tu es our magnus Capitanus,

And famous leader Cadetormu,

You drill was as Legionsarus

Of anciet Gauls or Romanorum.

Esto bonus, duce noster,

And we will semper obey tibi;

And do not drill us so very roughly,

Or you will have "lay-off" sibi.

ONE EX MILITIBUS.

Tickets for the raffle sold well, only "Doc" finds it rather hard to account for a shortage of \$3.65. Another "Million Dollar Mystery."

COMPLAINT

Domine Praefecte:
Ego go; ille me pushed;
Ego fell down; nosus broke,
And sanguis est flown.

Could it be the St. Norbert environment that put that dreamy, longing look into Anatole?

MEDICAL NOTES

The final meeting of the Medical Students Association will be held Friday evening, March 26th, followed by the final meeting of the Athletic Association. Dr. Halpenny will speak on "Surgery and the Present War." Special musical numbers have been arranged for and the executive want to see every student there.

We understand Dr. Cuddy is to introduce a new anatomical nomenclature on his return from the front.

Mirthful Jimmie Sutherland says, "Bring on your exams and let me get home." Why so rushed, Jimmie?

Hard at the handball game—If Joe He-slip one Orr would Rusty feel Baldur? It certainly made McNutty feel green when the professor said "Shamrock, Pat, Shamrock."

"Chimmie" seems to be pining for "Moose" Markle says he has auriculo-fibrilosis in his left oesophagus.

Whistler White paid a flying visit to the College the other day. He says barracks grub is not anything like the Pia Mater used to make.

There appears to be another case of

Lipitis developing. Stiff measures should be instituted to keep this down.

The '17 baseball bingers were anticipating a workout but the weather man interfered. Colli, Pat and Toad were seen looking over their outfits recently.

Donald is seriously considering if it will be a good investment of four dollars.

The Medical College faculty presented to the students who are going to the war a wrist watch each, at a gathering of the students recently. Some very interesting and forceful speeches were delivered and the Faculty certainly have shown themselves the students and the nation's friends and supporters by the way they are treating those students who enlist.

Medical Curling

With the kind assistance of Jack Frost the Medical boys have now concluded their curling season. Three cup competitions were run off and the cups and prizes are well distributed. Some of the competitions would have probably ended differently if so many of the students were not now in barracks. In fact, their absence has seriously interfered with many student activities.

The Pullar-Burridge cup and first prizes in this event were won by Bardal, Gemmell, Pedlow (skip). Second prizes were won by Whelpley, Aikenhead, Scott, McKenzie (skip).

The Popham cup and first prizes were won by Torrance, Williams, Rutherford, Stewart (skip). Second place was won by Moran, Ardington, Monk, Heaslip (skip).

The Wright cup and first prizes were won by McInnes, Monk, Williams, Heaslip (skip). Second prizes were won

by McPhail, Venables, Whitmore, Gorrell (skip).

The points completion was also played off and resulted in some keen competition. First place was won by W. R. Gorrell, second by H. Good and third by W. Rutherford.

Presentation of all athletic prizes for the year will be made at the final meeting of the Athletic Association to be held Friday evening, March 26th.

At a well attended meeting of the Grange Society recently, President J. H. Legris was given a rousing farewell by his fellow members, the occasion being his volunteering for the service of the Empire. The illuminated address was delivered by J. Paille and spoken in clear Persian accent. President Legris thanked Mr. Paille for his remarks and then the speaker delivered an oration on how a student should act on graduation. Mr. Legris likened his medical career to the course of an arrow the summit of the flight being physiology. He exhorted the young men present to live sober and industrious lives.

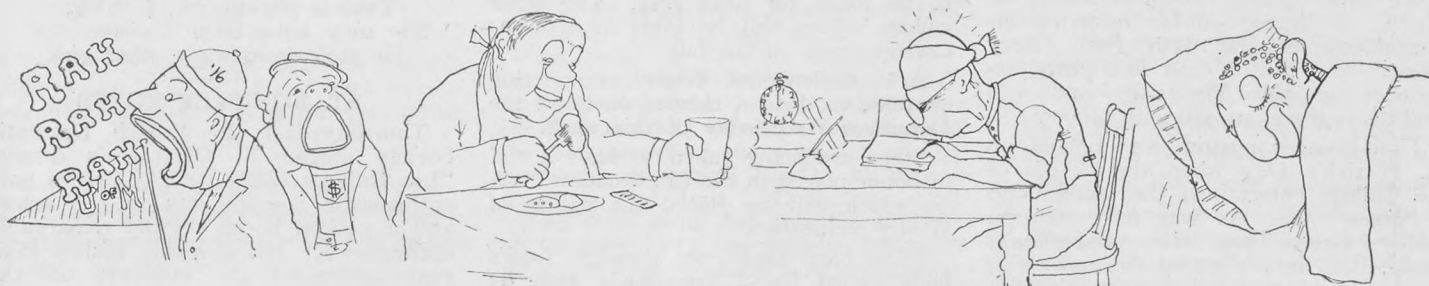
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